

Joe Budden

"Get No Younger"

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"Get No Younger"

(feat. Ezo)

[Intro - Joe Budden - talking - w/ ad libs]

Uh, it's that knock right here

Uh, y'all in that mood yet?

Taha, you need a subo to play this in the car by the way

Let's go

I'm a be quiet, let homeboy say what he gotta say

Get his little shout outs out the way

Goin, goin, gone

[DJ On Point - talking over Intro (echo)]

This joint right here is called Get No Younger

Featuring Ezo

Shout out to The Klasix on the beat

Dave, Mike, I see you

Joe Budden, Mood Muzik 3

Let's go

[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]

Now look, I'm in that 550 feelin like Chuck Liddell

Aside from Rampage Jackson it's "fuck the world"

My lean came so mean, (So Fresh and So Clean)

Like a Sunday morning listenin to Joel Osteen

Like my beat down low, I'm rimmed up with the seat
back

Boo with the sweet back, I definitely need that

Even if her body make a nigga want eat that

Bitch you don't (Make) a nigga (Better), better see Fab

I know a bird named Amy, love to tea bag

Set you up right for some loosies and a weed bag

Alcoholic, cute face but her weave bad

And she went to the Winehouse straight from the

+Rehab+

The recap rappers and they G stacks

Fixated on imaginary ice like freeze tag

I speed past, ease past with my G swag

I'm at a level most niggaz couldn't see past

[Chorus - Ezo]

On my grind, chasin dollars (chasin dollars)

In the fall or the summer (fall or the summer)
Streets are pullin me under (pullin me under)
And I ain't gettin no younger

[DJ On Point - talking over Chorus (echo)]

Shout out to Paree
Jill, Grimstyles
Can't forget Jay, what up?

[Verse 2 - Joe Budden]

Whoa, whoa, some say "sky's the limit", still I'm tryin to
reach higher
So on my deathbed, I'm figurin how to be fly
I'm talkin above heaven (but)
But talkin about death is me beatin a dead horse and a
nigga love "Slevin"
I'm a '80's baby with a '60's mind state, Yankee fitted
backwards
Lookin at whippersnappers
Livin young and reckless, never mind who the best is
(might as well)
They need to get rid of their style, put it on Craigslist
(nigga)
'Cause you ain't crazy, stop it
Even if you was wild like Randy Moss, start feelin
Patriotic
How I'm gon' lose with Tom Brady in the pocket?
Beggin dude to come back like the Yankees did "The
Rocket"
And just like Clemens did
Reappear to get the most wins it in, damn dickheads is
so sensitive
Pussies get hemorrhages, find a way to benefit
Even when it seem the whole World is against the kid

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Joe Budden]

Whoa, I mean, the burner's in the air (is that what you
want?)
Like J. Holiday I'll put you permanently there
It's (Bedtime) niggaz, weapon of mine niggaz, Wesson
or nine niggaz
"Minority Report", I'm ahead of your mind niggaz
You wanted to beef, you got twenty with you, I got a
hundred with me
Now this is somethin to see (oh)
Boogieman your whole squad, put you under some
sheets
In that Dodge Richard Reid had under the sheet
On some Jetsons shit but if the shook type approach me

I'll fill 'em with metal 'til he look like Rosey
Niggaz ain't off the hook like Joey
My feet is up cozy, at the end of my bed
Get on my Puff Daddy (All About The Benjamins) shit
And turn my back on Danja/danger like Timbaland did
(ya heard?)
Hoodie over my head, the snub showin
Fuck what the World's come to, where the fuck's it
goin?

[Chorus - without ad libs]

[Outro - DJ On Point - talking until the end (echo)]

Shout out to my nigga Trees Bland
Bland Management
Shout out to Phat Gear down in A-T-L
Can't forget Hall of Fame, Coliseum, Jamaica Ave.

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